

Hollow

Turnover

I look into eyes, but I can't tell if they're mine.
The words coming off my tongue feel like delicately polished,
practiced lines.

In my head I know my face,
but I haven't shown it for so long now,
that I might now know how.
Every day I'm someone else, someone different,
but I swear that you could never tell that I'm hollow.

I'm hollow. I fill the emptiness with things that aren't real,
to see if I can feel less hollow,
but I know it's only temporary. It's temporary.

In my head I know my face,
but I haven't shown it for so long now,
that I might now know how.
Every day I'm someone else, someone different,
but I swear that you could never tell that I'm hollow.